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Choice Loetry.

NOVEMBER.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

The red sun gathers up his beams,
To bid the withered earth farewell,
And voices from the swelling streams
Are ringing with the evening bell;
The cold lake throbs with restless grief,
Where late the water-tilies grew,
While Autumn fowl, and Autumn leaf,
Are sailing down the river bine.

Forsakes are the woodland shrines.
The birds to warmer lands have fied.
And winds are walling through the pines.
A dirge for Summer's glorious dead!
E'en man forsakes his daily strife.
And muses on the bright things flown,
As if in nature's changing life,
He saw the picture of his own.

I often think, at this sad hour,
As evening weeps her earliest tear,
And sunset gilds the naked bower.
And waves are breaking cold and clear,
Of that glad time, whose memory dwells
Like starlight o'er life a cloudy weather,
When side by side we roamed the dells
Of dear New England's coast together.

Twas on old Plymouth's rock famed shore One caim November night with thee, I watched the long light trembling o'er The billows of the castern sea; The weary day had sunk te rest, Beyond the lines of loadess wood, And guardian clouds from south to west, Arrayed in hors of crimson stood.

We climbed the hills of noble graves.

Where the stern patriarchs of the land
Seemed listening to the same grand waves
That freed them from the oppressor's hand;
We talked of spirits pure and kind,
With gentle forms and loving eyes,
Of happy homes we left behind,
In value beneath the western skies.

A few brief days—and when the earth Grew white around the traveller's foot, And bright tires blazed on every hearth, We parted, never more to meet, Until I go where thou art gone. From this dark world of death and blight, And walk with thee above the sun That sank upon thy grave to night.

I hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of time;
They bear a train of smiles and tears.
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime.
But future years may never fling
A treasure from their passing hours.
Like those that come on sleep pless wing.
From memory's golden plain of flower

The morning breeze of long ago
Sweeps o'er my brain, with soft control,
Fanning the embers to a glow,
Amidst the ashes round my soul;
And by the dim and flickering light,
I see thy beauteous form appear,
Like one returned from wanderings bright,
Te bless my lonely moments here.

Hillsides brown with skeleton trees; Ground with ruddy wind-strewn leaves; Meadows gleaned of yellow sheaves; Now begins November.

Whirling gusts of chilling rain Dash against the window pane, Birds delay their flight in vain, Driven by November.

Purple hills with shimmering haze: Golden incense, breathing praise; Lovelless of all the days, Summer in November.

Select Story.

THE GREAT PATENT OFFICE FIRE.

Look yar, stranger!" The speaker was a Western man, of quiet, ed demember, and the grave, deliber crate atterance of a man of varied experience. The person spoken to was the gentlemanly door of the Secretary of the Interior's own

private office.
"There are positively no vacancies! All the
Ohio positions are filled," said the door-keeper, rapidly, but courteously.
"I would like to say a word to the boss of this

yar shanty."
"The Secretary, sir, is sugaged in Civil Service Reform, and will continue to be until the next session. If you will give me your card, in the course of the next six months I think you will be able."

'I was reckn'in only to say to the boss, that just now bein' in among them thar models—"
"A patentee! Sir, certainly! I beg your pardon—this way! this way. Here, Jo! Gen'lmen patents!" and hurling the stranger into the arms of two stalwart messengers, he instantly

disappeared.

Hurried along violently down the passage, dragged up three flights of stairs, dashed headlong through a series of ante-chambers, the stranger, at last, gasped out to his guides:

"What's up! What's all this!"

"Civil Service Reform, sir! Economy, accuraey, despatch! Take him, Jim—easy there!" and be flug his gasping victim into the arms of a third messenger, who, grappling him, instantly bore him into the presence of a clerk in another Patents!" shricked the man, and disappear-

The clerk instantly seized the stranger, as be staggered beside the desk.
"What number! What class! When applied

"I was saying," gasped the stranger, "that hen I was looking at them two medets..." "Models? Which room, sir?" "On this yar west side

"Wrong side. D. X., West Division. Simp-kins, chief clerk." ps, chief clerk. He was seized again, dragged down stairs, up He was seized again, dragged down starts, but in the corridor managed by a herculean effort to break away from his guides. Seeing an open door, he entered. A gray-haired gentleman was writing at a table.

"See yar, stranger, jist a minit; I was down stairs, thar, and I was goin' to say—"

"One moment, sir," said the gray-haired general starts.

tleman, politely. He entered another room, and a whispered consultation with several other clerks was distinctly audible. Returning and facing the stranger, he said: facing the stranger, he said:
"I think you said you were about to say—"

"I was goin' to sayent, sir. You have evidently mistaken the department. Cassay Augustus, cou-duct this gentleman, in a close carriage, to the

State Department."
"But, look yar, stranger, about this yar—"
Before he could speak, however, he was seized in the robust arms of another messenger, and

"I'm a stranger yar in Washington," he man-aged to explain in the carriage, "and I suppose this yar is the right thing—though I rather cal-k'lated to ketch the 2:40 train to Cincinnati, ta-But the arrival of the carriage at the

State Department, and the hurried exit of the messenger, after placing him in the elevator, stopped his explanation.

Once within the chaste, calm seclusion of the expansive building, he regained his composure, and found upon, examination, he had lost only three buttons from his coat, and his watch. A decent solemnity, as of a prevading funeral in the halls, visible even in the voice and manner of the remested attendant when as a line of the remested attendant when as a line of the remested attendant when as a line of the remested attendant when a line of the line of th decent solumnity, as of a prevading funeral in the halls, visible even in the voice and manner of the respectful attendant who met him, tend-ed to still further increase his confidence. And when he entered the office of the chief clerk, and that grave and polite functionary approach-ed him, apparently with a view of offering him his own pew, and giving him a nearer observa-

his own pew, and giving him a nearer observa-tion of the deceased, he was quite oppressed.

"I was about to say," began the Western man confusedly, "that if the corpse—that is—"

"I see" responded the chief clerk, civilly; "you refer to the Secretary; but I regret to say be is, at present, absent. But permit me to show you to the First Assistant Secretary. Will-iam Henry, show the gentlemant in."

on the threshold he was met by the First Asaut Secretary, with gracious warmth. sistant Secretary, with gracious warmts.

have heard of you, my dear sir, frequently;
but," he added, as he grasped the hand of the
stranger cordially, "I scarcely dared to hope
that I would ever see you. God bless you, sir!
Permit me to assist you in removing your yellow duster—a graceful garment, sir, but still
one that, may I be permitted to say, does not ture in the room. This way, dear sir! You will find that chair comfortable. By placing your boots on this end of the desk—pardon me, perhaps you would like to remove them entirely f William Henry, take the gentleman's boots, and bring my own slippers. I hope your wife and family are well?"

family are well?"

"I was only reckn'n to say—"

"Not a word more, sir—not a word! I understand you perfectly. You were referred to us as a person who 'was about to say.' Permit me, sir, to state that if there is a recognized function of this department, it is the function of being 'about to.' 'What to say,' or 'How it is to be said,' is, of course, another matter. As a travelled man, as a man of the world, I see you understand me. I hope, sir, the chair it comfortable. God bless you, sir!"

"Well, I was reckn'n to say thet bein' in this yar model room, over you, in the Patent Office—"

"Thar!—didn't I tell you f"
The Assistant Secretary only smiled blandly.
"Your inference is natural, yet, perhaps,
scarcely logical or diplomatic. In an experience
of some years in the affairs of State, the tinkle
of bell and the clatter of engine have not necessarily resulted in the destruction of the Patent
Office by fire. Let us look at this thing largeiy. I think I can convince you of your mistake.
I have placed myself in telegraphic communication with the Secretary of State, now at Nashville, and with Mr. Sumpkins, Chief Clerk of the
Patent Office models. Their several answers
are already here," he added, as a messenger entered the room. "This is from Mr. Evarts:

tered the room. "This is from Mr. Evarts:

"Six:—The mere allegation of any irresponsible party or parties of any conflagration existing in any department of the Government, unless first sanctioned by the President or myself, cannot be received by you. Under the circumstances, however, it would be well to observe the allegator carefully; obtain, without compromising yourself, his views on the subject, and, incidentally, on our Southern policy. You can use this despatch as a joke or seriously, as the temper of the people may warrant. "Evarts.

"P. S.—I observe the omission of the prefix 'Honorable' in the wording of my address. Hereafter always use it, without reference to the economy practiced in the War Department. If funds are short, dismiss one of the clerks."

"You observe, my dear sir," resumed the Assistant Secretary, "that I am frank with you. You see the cruel position in which I am placed. I cannot take any view—except a social one—of any fire that may occur at the Patent Office. This despatch is from Simpkins, of the Patent.

you, sir, and give you a speedy return to your nicresting family. If you are again in Wash-ington, give me a call. William Henry!—the

fire." Firmly, yet quietly, the stranger drew a revolver from his pocket: "I'm kinder new in these yar parts," be said sadly, "and, mister, I'm nat'rally a sorter hopeful minded man, easy to manage—but ef ye'r tryin' to play any o' them Patent Office fires on me—. Well—you

Meanwhile the conflagration raged—quietly, unostentatiously! A clerk of the second class, exhibiting a coat from which the tails had been slowly consumed while sitting with his back to the wall, and a young woman of the third class, saturated with water, and begging a permit to go home and change her clothes, produced at last a decided impression on the Assistant Secretary of the Interior. He proceeded, calmly, and firmly, to the office of the Secretary.

"A conflagration, irregular, incendiary, and insubordinate, is now proceeding in the model room. It is true that there is no spot where a

"Thank God! it is the custom," interrupted

"Owing," continued the Assistant Secretary, calmly, "to the exertions of the Assistant Secre-tary, who was badly burned, a greater part of

"This is no time to consider precedents," shricked the Secretary, wildly. "We have civil service reform, which abolishes it! We must do

"I regret to state, however," continued the Assistant Secretary, calmly, "that an imprudent alarm has been already raised by outside, irresponsible parties, and that a disorderly mob of firemen—not is any way connected with this lepartment—"

hair. "I heard them, and thought it was only a Sioux delegation outside." "They have already introduced—and are now

"They have already introduced—and are now introducing—in the department, by the means of hose and water—"

"A civil service reform not endorsed by me," screamed the Secretary, wildly dashing his eye glasses on the floor. "This must be stopped! Put up a notice at once, referring them to the appointment clerk."

"There is, I understand, already a reservoir of water, and considerable hose in the building," said the Assistant Secretary, calmly, disregarding a stream of water from the one and one-half inch nozzle of a hose, at that moment introduced into the window of the Secretary's office.

"Let there be a force of departmental firemen at once organized!"

"They have been sir, but under your orders, since the fire, they have been undergoing competi-

clear, unmistaken policy to the world!"
"Unfortunately," said the Assistant Secretary

"An interesting spot—an exceedingly inter-enting spot, I am told," interrepted the Assist-ant Secretary, courteously. "If I remain in Washington during the next twenty-five years, I shall endeavor—yes, I shall endeavor—to see it. At present, I wish it well. God bless you, sir! And your family, you say, are in perfect health?"

"Well, in this yar room I smelt smoke, and lookin', you know, sorter, kinder lookin' round, why, deru my skin, ef I didn't find the whole chebang in a blaze!"

chebang in a blaze!"

"While your expressions undoubtedly agree with your impressions," replied Mr. Seward, with a gentle smile, "and while they have I admit, a cortain degree of strength, perhaps inconsistent with the general theory of language in this department, might you not have been mistaken as to the central fact?"

"Which?" asked the stranger, doggedly.

"You have, my dear sir, undoubtedly mistaken the genial warmth of the green-house, perhaps the rays of the still fervent sun, for a conflagration."

haps the rays of the still fervent sun, for a conflagration."

"Why, dern it all—the whole derned thing was a tinder box, and I saw—"

"Permit me—a single moment!" The Assistant Secretary rose, and gave a few instructions to a subordinate. As he did so, the clanger of bells and the rattling of engines over the pavement of Pennsylvania Avenue came through the open window. The stranger rose excitedly. "That!—didn't I tell you!"

The Assistant Secretary only smiled blandly.

tered the room. "This is from Mr. Evarts:

"1:29 p. m.—Up to this moment I have received no official report of any fire existing in this department. On the contrary, a heavy rain storm seems to be prevailing over my office. There is elementary disturbances outside, and the floor is already flooded to the depth of six inches.

SIMPKISS, Chief Clerk."

"Then thar ain't any fire?" said the stranger, disgustedly, rising to his feet.
"You may safely assure your friends," said the Assistant Secretary, blaudly, "that there is, de jare, no conflagration! God bless and protect

"And I suppose I'm a damned fool!"
"The State Department," said Mr. Seward,
rising with gentle dignity, "never presumes to
pass upon the mental qualifications of those
who may seek advice, assistance, or information An hour later, the Cincinnati express bore the stranger out of Washington. A fellow passenger in the smoking car called his attention to the cloud of amoke that was rising beyond the Capitol. "The Patent Office, they say, is on

om. It is true that there is no spot where a uffagration could take place but there, and it is therefore, to some extent, consistent with the habits of the public service. For is it not wholly without precedent. In 1835 the Patent Office was destroyed by lire."

the papers—"
"I fear I am keeping you," said the Secretary,
gently. "You are auxious, doubtless, to be at
your post."
"We're saved," continued the Assistant Secretary, with dignity; "but it is to be regretted that the Secretary himself, in attempting to re-cover the waist-coat of George Washington from

"Fatal mistake," said Schurz, clutching his

overed the marble floor to the depth of two

inches, from his shoes—"unfortunately, two of the clerks escaped in the confusion."
"Great God!"
"Moses Skinner, who is accompanied by a confederate named Syksey, is now on the roof, directing the movements of the firemen. He is an appointer from Mr. Fish, and is below the grade. He spells traveller with a single "I' and emission." appointee from Mr. Fish, and is below the grant He spells traveller with a single 'l,' and omits the scute accent in 'depot'—in fact, calls in 'dee-

Mr. Scharz shuddered, and gasped hoarsely, "We are lost!"

"Jakey Keyser," continued the Assistant Secretary, with perfect coolness, retreating behind a column, to allow a stream of water from a two-inch nozzle to uninterruptedly wash the tall and commanding form of the Secretary; "Jakey Keyser, butcher, of Spring Garden, Philadelphia, originally intended for the clerical profession, on the first alarm, dashed from the room, saved the papers of the Land Office, went back for Washington's sword, and is now supposed to have perished in the ruins."

"Just heaven! I thank thee," said the Secretary. "For only look at this record of Keyser's on the competitive examination. He called the Swiss, Dutchmen, and believes Switzerland a scaport on the Mediterranean."

The two men pressed each other's hands in mutual disgust, silently. Tears came to the eyes of two firemen—the only witnesses of this affecting interview, who happened to be climbing outside, in the smoke.

"Something must be done," said Schurz. "Issue another order regarding the voting of Ohio clerks, and contradict something in the newspapers."

"What shall Leontradict!" "Jakey Keyser," continued the Assistant Sec-

pers."

"What shall I contradict!"

"Anything."

"We have still recourse to the telegraph."

"Good. Telegraph Evarts, Key, and the President. Ask aid of the Fire Departments of Sau Francisco, Chicago, and New Orleans! See that the Secretary of the Navy places an iron-clad at Pensacola, to bring up the Florida engines. Cut down the window awnings. They obscure that view of the Interior Department which should, at such a crisis as this, be open to the world. Do they observe me from the street!"

"Yes."

"Go, for the present. Enough! Where shall "At my post, sir!"
"Thank God! This is the result of discipline.
Where is that!"
"On the corner of F and Seventh Streets. You

"God bless you!" They fell into each other's arms. Strong men fainted, overcome with heat

Meanwhile answers to the despatches had been received. The first was from the Secretary of State: "A despatch, evidently indicted by an incbriate employee of yours, and addressed to 'Bill Evarts, Champion Talkist of the Hayes Combination Troupe,' has been handed to me, as a proof of a fire alleged to be raging in the Patent Office. I can take no other notice of this, or other similarly addressed despatches.

EVARTS, WILLIAM, — of State."

"Dismiss that clerk instantly," shricked the Secretary.
"But he is now carrying your private papers from the office."

from the office."

"Appoint some one to fill the vacancy."

"But he would have to go through competitive examination; that would take too long, and this man already speaks German, and knows how many moons Mars has."

The Secretary was mollified.

"Open the next despatch."

It was from John Sherman:

"In a public emergency like this, it is always safe to disuiss a dozen clerks, and reduce the salaries of the remainder. The public want something, and the economy dodge always goes down. I have placed four additional buckets in the Treasury. They are fire-proof, and will be of service in stowing away papers and other valuables. pers and other valuables. I have issued orders that no one shall pass out until they or the building are consumed. An additional guard has been placed around the building outside, to prevent the lowering of ropes, by which, under the thin disguise of saving life, iron safes, containing valuables, might be concealed on the persons of the so-called escaping victims. Any fire occurring in the Treasury after this date, will be attributed to the newspapers.

"John Sherman."

"Noble and thoughtful man," said Schurz.

the Navy: to Washington, and cover the Patent Office with her guns. If this don't subdue the configgration, you can call upon the Marine Band and their instruments.

"Open the next despatch." It was from Key : "At any time during the late unpleasantness, I would have cheerfully shown how best to burn up the Patent Office. I even had my eye on the Treasury also. But I've reformed. KEY." We have not yet heard from the Department

"Here is the despatch, sir:"

"Don't be an ass. Leave the fire to the firemen.
"Don't he an ass. Leave the fire to the firemen.
"Hen they have got it put out, make them a speech ou know the market price of that article.
"DEVENS." "Order instantly everybody to report to me; form the several divisions into line in the west corridor. Telegraph Evarts to issue a procla-

nation; promulgate au order— 'Say that Carl Scienz expects every man to "Say that Carl Scienz expects every man to do his duty—or her duty, if a female clerk. Reduce the salaries of the clerks of the first class. See that everything I say is published, and deny it afterward. Have competitive examinations hereafter on fires. Find out what is most combustibly effective. Analyze the quality of water now being introduced in the building, and see if the same work could not be effected by cheaper material. Report upon the possibility of the Indian delegation being employed as firewater men. Report that also as a joke. Say that"—but human nature is weak and the hero-

that"—but human nature is weak, and the hero-ic Secretary, wearied with his superhuman exertions, was beginning to succumb-"say that-a-searching-investigation is soon-to-" "Say that-"

The fire is out !"-N. Y. San. The Beath of Mrs. John Rell.

It is our painful province this morning, to brouicle the death of Mrs. John Bell, at the esidence of her son, Col. Harry C. Yeatman, ear what is known as the "Polk Settlement," a Maary County, on Friday night, the 12th
nst. Mrs. Bell died in the 80th year of her age,
nd throughout her whole life, was a woman of
emarkably strong characteristics. She was the
ister of John P. Andrew, and James Ewing, the sister of John P. Andrew, and James Ewing, the last named being the son-in-law of Henry Clay. She was first married to Thomas Yeatman, one of the most successful and energetic merchants in the early days of Nashville. She, as well as her brothers, all of whom are remembered by the older people now here, as persons of decided parts, was a lady of unusual energy. Her sec-ond marriage, to Mr. Bell, changed, in some de-gree, the course of her life, but not her charac-ter. She was at Washington when Mr. Bell was a member of the Cabinet, a Senator in Conwas a member of the Cabinet, a Senator in Congress, and afterward as a candidate for the Presidency, not only a woman of mark and influence in the social circles of those times, but a substantial helpmeet to her husband. In short, Mrs. Bell was one of the most truly great women that our country has produced. Besides her eminent qualities in society, she possessed all the virtues of womanhood. She was a Christian, and her mind on earth was devoted to her country, and her conduct and faith was all that we are taught to believe will secure happiness hereafter.—Nashville American.

HISTORICAL COINCIDENCE .- On the 12th of October Columbus discovered America, and Judge Wright, of Ohio, discovered Columbus Delano with a club. This is a remarkable coin-

On the very day that McClellan was nomina-ted for Governor of New Jersey, he was register-ed at a hotel in Boston, as George B. McClellan, of New York

Ir was estimated that in 1824, the number of

Miscellany.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1877.

INDIAN SUMMER

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAX." Weep, weep, November rain!
White mists fall like a shroud
Upon the dead earth's ended joy and pain
With blasts, lift up your voices, ery alond,
Dash down the last leaves from the quiver
And wail about the house.

O, melancholy wind, Like one that seeketh, and can never find. But come not, O, sweet days, Out of you cloudless blue, Ghosts of so many dear remembered Mays, With faces like dead lovers, who died true. Come not, lest we go seek, with eyes all wet, Primrose and violet.

Primrose and violet, Forgetting that they lie Deep in the mold, till Winter has gone by. —Till Winter has gone by!

Come, then, days bright and strange.

Quiet, while this mad world whirls reckless by.

Restful andi all this life of restless change:

Shine on, sweet Indian Summer, tender, calm,

The last year's thankful paalm

To fied you smiling bring.

—We, too, will smile, and wait the eternal Spring.

ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD. Glauce at their Home in Congressional Cemetery—A Few Cenotophs—Lives of Great Men—Their Names Written On the Page of Fame—The Little One Who Abjured the Pomps and Vanities.

special Correspondence Cincinnati Gazette.

Special Correspondence Cincinnati Gazette.

WASHINGTON, October 7.

Every stranger is directed to visit Oak Hill
Cemetery, before leaving Washington, as it is
very justly decide one of the most beautiful
places of interment in this country. Its natural
advantages might well make Greenwood and
Mount Anburn appear in an inferior light, for
nature seems to have been lavish of her gifts,
and thrown over this peaceful city of the dead a
veil of unparalleled loveliness. But while the
casual visitor admires the serenity and exquisite
laudscape of Oak Hill, the lover of anything historic, or the searcher for memories of the great toric, or the searcher for memories of the great men now forever gone, will turn his footsteps over the brow of Capitol Hill, and wander into the gloomy regions of the Congressional Ceme-tery, in whose classic shades molder all that re-mains of men whose names once roused the lis-

tening Senates to command.

The cemetery is situated on the slope of a hill which rises fram the Angeostia's sluggish banks.

a river muddy and dark enough to give it the title of the American Styx. title of the American Styx.

The cemetery was originally laid out in 1807, although the earliest dates on the head-stones bear dates of 1804 5. The ground first used consisted of some ten acres, but it has been increased to thirty. The lack of care displayed throughout the ground strikes the visitor's eye with a sort of sadness, and makes the most thoughtless soliloquize, "How soon we are forgotten when we are dead!" Through the hemlocks and pines the wind unceasingly sighs, and the laurel leaves echo restlessly the ceaseless footsteps of the unquiet dead.

On either side of the central drive, stand cenotaphs, used to commenuorate the illustrious men who have died while serving the people, in its balls of Congress. They are not beautiful or artistic, in either design or effect, but stand square and ungainly, like an array of stanted sentinels, guarding the tented field of death. The word cenotaph is derived from the Greek, and means an empty tomb. It was used by the ancients in honor of persons deprived, through any accident of fortune, of the proper rites of burial. They believed that the souls of those who had not received sepulture must wander a hundred years upon the banks of the Styx, and outside the fields Elysian. The most celebrated antique cenotaphs are to be found at Pisa.

Cemetery bears the name of Philip Pendleton Barbour, a member of the distinguished Virginia family of that name. He was one of the bright-est ornaments of the Old Dominion Bar in his days of early fire, and was, at his death, a Justice in the United States Supreme Court. His brother James was Secretary of War, during John Quincy Adams' administration, and afterward made a most creditable Minister to England. Philip was nucle to our present Commissioner, Mr. Bryan, whose mother was sister to the illustrious

Near by is the monument dedicated by Con-gress to that staunch old patriot, Elbridge Gerry, whom the Old Bay State may proudly claim as one of her most illustrious souls. He boldly signed his name to the Declaration of Indepensigned his name to the Deciaration of Indepen-dence, and was one of the political leaders of those grand old days, when Haucock and War-ren and Samuel Adams were contemporaries. He was with Warren the night before the memora-ble battle of Bunker Hill, and narrowly escaped ble battle of Bunker Hill, and narrowly escaped capture by the British at Lexington He was chosen, with Pinckney and Marshall, to represent our government to France, and endeavor to avert, if possible, a rupture, which seemed imminent, with that country. He was also Vice-President of the United States, and died in Washington, suddenly, one day, while on his accustomed "daily round" toward the Capitol. Died in harness, thus exemplifying his often exaccustomed "daily round" toward the Capitol. Died in harness, thus exemplifying his often ex-pressed sentiment, which Congress has inscribed on his monument: "It is the duty of every citi-zen, though he may have but one day to live, to

zen, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country."

Not many steps away is the grave of Tobias Lear, George Washington's trusted friend and private secretary, and to whom he left a legacy of some value. Later in life, Mr. Lear made himself conspicuous as a diplemat at San Domin-go and Algiers.

Near by are the graves of John Forsythe, Secretary of State, and Commodore Montgomery; and beneath the shadow of overhauging trees stands the monument to Pus-ma-ta-ha, a Choctaw chief, and the white man's friend, who died in Washington in 1821

Washington, in 1824. Further on is a marble shaft, erected to Wil-Further on is a marble shaft, erected to William Wirt, a man distinguished in letters, as well as law. For twelve years he honored the position of Attorney General, having received his appointment at the hands of James Monroe. He stood conspicuous among a group of celebrities, which numbered such intellects as Webster, Story, Marshall, and Pinckney. Near by is the tomb of Wirt's great rival, William Pinckney, who occupied in onick succession nosts of hightomb of Wirt's great rival, William Pinckney, who occupied in quick succession posts of highest honor. He was Minister to England, Minister to Russia, Attorney General, and Member of Congress. I suppose he was one of the most brilliant and eloquent orators of his day; and, as as all great men have their corresponding weaknesses, he was notedly vain, and afflicted with a strong twinge of coxcombery. Stories of his fondness for dress, and regard for his person-all appearance, are inextricably mineled with an al appearance, are inextricably mingled with an-ecdotes of his statesmanlike words and wondrons wisdom. It is told of him, that sometimes, when about to make a speech in either the Senate or Supreme Court, he would make his appearance nattily arrayed in riding costume, spurred and booted, with hat and whip in hand, as if no such booted, with hat and whip in hand, as if no such thought as speechmaking had ever entered his head, and then he would entrance his listeners with the glowing words which poured from his tongue, as did the jewels from the pretty maid's, in the fairy tale, and carry them away into the regions of enthusiasm and astonishment that mortal man should have stolen so much fire from

regions of enthusiasm and astonishment that mortal man should have stolen so much fire from the stand. In short, truly great women. Beades her employees a Christian, worded to her count the was a Christian, worded to her count the was all that we be the happiness here.

On the 12th of ed America, and overed Columbus a remarkable coint. Louis Times.

Tellan was nominary, he was registeriorge B. McClellan, worded a month.

Resides her employees a stands a monument to the same vicinage at and a monument to will make the same vicinage at and a monument to the same vicinage at ands a monument to will make the same vicinage at and a monument to will make the same vicinage at ands a monument to will make the same vicinage at ands a monument to will make the same vicinage at ands a monument to will make the same vicinage at ands a monument to will make the same vicinage at ands a monument to will make the same vicinage at ands a monument to will make the same vicinage at ands a monument to will always it and a monument to will make the same vicinage at ands a monument to will a was secretary of the Navy in 1841, and Secretary af State under Tyler, and met with a most painful death, by the explosion of the great gun, "Peacemaker," a conception of Commodore Stockton, then in charge of the Princeton. The President and a number of distinguished guests were invited to be present at the experimental testing of the cannon. The ship first made a pleasure trip down to Month Vernon, and upon the return the fatal firing took place, which killed instantly Mr. Upshur and Mr. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, and Captain Kennon, besides three or four other persons, and at unmed Col. Benton, the commandant of the ship, and ascertary of the Navy in 1841, and Secretary of the Navy in 1841, and secr

Charles Sumner, an unsuspecting and unpre-pared victim—a man whom he was afraid to meet face to face in honorable combat—died in Washington, in 1857, of diphtheria, and has a constant in this Washington, in 1857, of diphtheria, and has a cenotapli in this cemetery, raised to his inglorious

memory.

Near the fountain is the grave of Gen. Alexander Macomb. Commander in Chief of the U. S. Army, surmounted by a handsome monument; and near by a broken shaft marks the spot where, laid at peace, is Maj. Gen. Jacob Brown, Commander in Chief U. S. A. Not far off stands the meanment. the monument erected to Maj. Gen. Gilson, U. S. A., Commissary General of Subsistence, and to Frederick Rogers, Midshipman U. S. N., drowned at Norfolk, in 1828, while evacavoring to save the lives of Midshipman Slidell and Harrison, but who, happy in their lives, in death were not divided.

divided.

Various members of the distinguished Wainwright family lie buried in the family vault, at the southern extremity of the grounds, and near by is the tomb of Alexander Dallas Bache, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, and united to the Wainwright family by marriage. and united to the Wainwright family by marriage. He was a great grandson of Benjamin Franklin, and graduated from West Point with the high-est honors, never having received a single de-merit. He was the first Principal of the Philamerit. He was the first Principal of the Phila-adelphia High School, and afterward President of Girard College. There stands a marble mon-ument to George Mifflin Bache, of curious design, representing a broken ship's mast, as he and his associates perished in a hurricane at sea, on board the brig Washington, September 3, 1846. Not far away stands the monument ercelled to the young ladies, killed by the arsenal explosion a few years and one little are the Phila and Philadelphia.

a few years ago, and one little monument, amid a shower of tangled vines above it, and myrtle growing in luxuriant profusion at its base, bears record of a little life, no sooner commenced than ended, and these touching lines are inscribed

"The cup of life to his lips he pressed.
Found the draught bitter, and refused the rest." Not all the pomp and circumstance of power could tempt this little waif to make his abiding place among the haunts of men, and his spirit returned to God who gave it.

A CONDENSED HISTORY OF MORMON-1792-Sidney Rigdon, born in St. Clair, Penn-1801 - Bringham Young, born in Whitingham,

Vermont.

1805—Joseph Smith, born in Sharon, Vermont.
1823—Joseph Smith, living with his father in
Ontario County, N. Y., has his first visions.
1827—Joseph Smith claims to receive sacred
oracles from an "Angel of the Lord." 1829-Sidney Rigdon associates himself with

1830, April 6—First Mormon Church regular-ly organized at Manchester, New York. 1831, January—Smith leads his followers to Kirtland, Ohio.

1832—Brigham Young joics the Mormon Church at Kirtland. 1835-Twelve Mormon apostles ordained, Brigham for one. 1836-A large and costly temple dedicated at

as missionaries to England. 1838—The Mormon Church in Ohio obliged to flee to Missouri, and there assumed a defiant and lawless attitude 1838-The Mormons driven over into Illinois,

growing out of internal dissensions. 1845—Brigham Young elevated to the Presidency, after a fierce contention with Rigdo 1846—The charter of Nauvoo revoked b gislature, and the Mormons prepare to move. 1846—Nauvoo bombarded for three days by the anti Mormons. 1847-Brigham Young plants his banner at

1848-Salt Lake City founded. 1848—State of Deseret organized, but Con-gress withholds its recognition. 1849—Congress organizes the Mormon's Dis-trict into the Territory of Utah, and Young ap-pointed Governor, by President Fillmore. 1850—Young throws off the anthority of the United States.

Church.

1854—Col. Steptoe appointed Governor of Utab, and arrived at Salt Lake City with a small military force, but abandons the enterprise. 1857-President Buchanan determines

Peace arranged. 1860-United States troops withdrawn from 1877, August 29-Death of Brigham Young .-

The recent destruction of part of the Patent Office at Washington has set the newspaper correspondents to work, looking over musty documents. It appears that they have some quaint records. The first patent issued by the Government, was to Samuel Hopkins, on July 31st, 1790, for making pot or pearl ashes. Patents were issued on modes of making candles, flour and meal, later in the same year and in 1791 Francis Bart. sued on modes of making candies, non-later in the same year, and in 1791 Francis Bart-later in the same year, and in 1791 Francis Bart-ly was granted letters for "punches for types." ly was granted letters for "punches for drivgrain, for improvements were issued to driv-ing piles, for bridges, machines for threshing grain, for improvements in distilling, propelling boats by cattle, and improvements in steam en-gines. In 1792 was patented a canvas conductor, to be used when houses are on fire, which may have been the original of the late patent fire-escape. An improved mode of turning a spit was patented in 1793; also, a stove of cast iron. A patented in 1733; nise, a stove of cast iron. A machine for cutting uails was patented by Josiah G. Peerson, on March 23, 1794. A new mode of catching hish was patented in 1795, since which time iunumerable laws have been enacted to compel people to catch them by the old process. Removing pains by metallic points, was patent-Removing pains by metallic points, was patent-ed in 1796, and the first improvement in the pi-ane forte is recorded in the same year; also stays for removing distortions in the scapstone stove was patented in 1797. Billions pills were first patented in 1796, effeminate ropills were first patented in 1795, effeminate ro-pery, for spinning rope yarn, in 1795, and a wash-ing and wringing, the Cavabar, in 1809. Ebene-nezer Whiting received a patent for a cotton gin, on Jan. 22, 1801. An improvement for man-ifacturing paper from corn busks, was patented Dec. 30, 1802, and an apple-parer in 1802. A patent for finding sait water and metals, was granted in 1803. In 1804 a patent was issued for an improvement in the bedstead, so con-structed, that it may be taken down and remov-ed by one person, in case of fire, or on other occal by one person, in case of fire, or on other oc-casions, with much ease and expedition. In 1804 the Government felt the value of an improve-ment in gallows, or suspenders for breeches, or

THE wit of Secretary Evarts seems to have de-scended to his children. He said to a friend here: "I have received a letter from one of my little girls, and she writes:

A POLECAT penetrated a mine in Maryland for

1830-Book of Mormon printed, as dictated by

1831, Angust—Smith dictates the site of a Mormon temple at Independence, Mo. 1832, March—Smith and Rigdon suspected at Kirtland of counterfeiting, and tarred and feath-

1837-Orson Hyde and Heher C. Kimball sent

granted by the Legislature. 1838—Smith begins the practice of poligamy. 1843—Smith claims to have received a revelation sanctioning polygamy. 1843—The heads of the Church repudiate this 1844-Smith killed by a pistol shot, in a riot

1852-Polygamy formally sanctioned by the

1857—President Discounts the Mormons down.
1857—Alfred Comming appointed Governor, and sent out with a force of 2,500 men to back him; Col. A. S. Johnson in command.

Early Patents.

"DEAR PAPA: "Thank you very kindly for the donkey you sent me, but he's so lonely. Won't you soon be home, papa?"

MORTON is the only Senator who has been kissed by the President. Bruce, of Mississippi, has always been a healthy man, and could not expect such distinguished favors.

AUTUMN. spen leaves so fle lither, neath my Whirling, whirl

by the purpling of you hill, by the swelling of the rill, diding on to village mill, Purling, purling. By the jay's metallic note. By the spider-webs that float From the tree-tops to the most, Shining, shining.

By the dim, mysterious haze, By the forest all ablaze, Crimson leaves with golden rays, Entwining. By the soughing of the air. Note of juy or moan of cars, Fairy laugh or spirit prayer. Interweaving—

All are now the waning power Of the sunny, Summer hour, Over tree and shrub and flower, Perceiving.

Nature, prodigal of treasure, O'er the vantage ground of pleasure, Pours her harvest without measure, In golden light. The fulfillment, O, how grand ! But, as falls into the hand, ous fruit with Autumn brand. Eurning bright.

Memories of the days gone by Will a vake a bitter sigh. And we turn a tearful eye. At the call. In our heart's sad retrogression, Bursts upon us the confession: Pursuit is sweeter than possession, After all!

A PATENT SERMON.

Fellow sisters, brethreu, men, women and children, generally and particularly speaking. You needn't hustle any pages for the text, for it ain't there. It is a special dispensation to your appointed pastor; and he hurls it at you for what it is worth. Where the hen scratches, there she expects to find a bug. Did you come from the race track of the world to parade your "trotting harness" before the meek and lowly! Have you dronned the dazzling rattle of business and harness" before the meek and lowly! Have you dropped the dazzling rattle of business and pleasure, to while an idle hour away listening to the mournful melody that is rung by angel hands from the sacred harps that hang forgotten upon the drooping willows of mortality! Or are you tussling with the arch epemy for the almighty dollar! Verily I say unto you, where the hen scratches, there she expects to find a bug.

My drowsy hearers, we are all of us a lot of damaged goods, trying to palm ourselves off up-on each other for more than our market value; and the old firm of Time, Death & Co., is doing a heavy commission business upon our stock in trade. I hear the mallet of Death, with its melancholly tap, tap, and the next monotone of "go-ing, going," and the next minute, down-it will come, upon some of our unconscions heads, and we shall be folded up like the tents of the Arabs, and as silently borne away to the other side of Jordan, where the dry goods man refrains from troubling, and the grocer has nothing to say, and the weary hen ceases from scratching, and frombling, and the grocer has nothing to say, and the wears hen ceases from scratching, and the precious bug is found. In the midst of life we are in debt, says a notable prophet, who was near kin to your beloved pastor. If any of you are tempted to tarry in the tavern of life, and fail to settle your account with the landlord, may the text rise up before you like a fabulous Arabian hero, only to rest from the rough and tumble giant, and deter you from that sink of utter depravity, where bummers lead trustful hens to scratch up the bugs they devour.

Your multivided attention is furthermore solic.

Your multivided attention is furthermore solic.

Your undivided attenti ited to the signification of the text, metaphorically and collectively, in small packages, to suit every capacity, from the boy shacking peanuts peacefully in the corner, to the hardened sinner.

They cam from every direction. who talks so proudly in your pastor's presence. And wee unto you, young women, see-sawing up the broad aisle, with your new bonnet and streamers a flyin', for you are vanity of vanities. And you, young men, in your fancy neck-cloths, go on until you slip up over a bail of cotton, and are eft to drift away over the broad brimstone sea

left to drift away over the broad brimstone sea of national disgrace, a by-word and a jest that you love not wisely, but too well. No, beloved, I warn you now, if you manifest symptoms of such cowardice as has been handed down to you from high places, the biggest of stogy boots in this congregation will rise up in judgment against you, and kick you into the broad road that leads to everlasting ruin.

And finally, when you cut the crust from your brown bread loaf, and scrape the hard beans from the top of your noon-tide pot, if you cut a little below the soft, and scrape a little below the crisp, for the beggar's and onteast's portion, your conscience and digestion will tromble you less; and as you steal out, as some of you will tonight, where the silver moon of memory hangs night, where the silver moon of memory hangs low over the haunted hills of the past, and bow at some hallowed finger-post that points the way a beloved one went over your broken heart to heaven, may the eternal verdure of the ever green hope spring up in the barren spots trod hard by the busy feet of the absorbing Now, and bring you to the sweetness of that peace and the tenderness of that love that overflows continually in deeds and words, for the elevation of the ragamuffins who march in the rear ranks of the great army of humanity; for the barbarians are not all in ragged file, but "many a gem of the purest ray screne" wants but a lifting from the filth to shine. So mote it be. Brother Slow-fast, circulate the platter for the root of evil, un-til it is all rooted out of this place. For verily I say unto you, the hen that scratches here, ex-

A Historic Cannon. The Bemis Heights C. C. A. held a business meeting on Saturday, and paid the bills incur-red at the late celebration. The Association will devote the surplus which remains after all expenses are paid, to the work of raising the brass cannon sunk by Burgoyne in the Hudson, during his retreat after the decisive American victory, on the 7th of October, 1777. Owing to the unusual low water, the position of the 12 ter, and is covered by three feet of mud. A crib of timber lies directly over the piece, having been placed there by the British, and well an-chored, in order to prevent the Americans from recovering it. If the Association are successful recovering it. If the Association are successful in raising this famous piece of ordnance, Stillwater will possess one of the most important and interesting revolutionary relics in America, as the brass cannon in question has been the theme of legend and of song, for the last half

century .- Troy (N. Y.) Times. SENATOR BLAINE ON MAYES'S TITLE. - Senato SENATOR BLAINE ON HAYES'S TITLE.—Senator Blaine said to-day that so far as the title Alexander H. Stephens accords to Hayes is concerned, the simile is peculiar. "Mr. Stephens," says he, "says Mr. Hayes holds his office by a better title than George Washington did, because Mr. Hayes was put there by the highest judicial tribunal ever formed in this country. That reminds me," said Mr. Blaine, "of an old fellow up in Maine who ran for office and they charged as in Maine who ran for office, and they charged on the stump that he had been indicted for villainy of some kind. The candidate answered in his own behalf that the other candidate made a own behalf that the other candidate made a great blunder in making the charge. He admit-ted the indictment, and pointed to the fact that he had the verdict of twelve jurymen to the ef-fect that he was an bonest man, while his oppo-nent had never been indicted, and consequently could not have such a recommendation suffrages of the people."—Brooklyn Union.

num passed down to New York on the Shore line en route for Washington, on Wednesday last, when Barnum asked Blaine how he liked the news from Ohio. "Oh, that isn't my funeral," replied the plucky Maine Senator.—Hartford Times.

Not His FUNERAL.-Senators Blaine and Bar

It is much more important that the President should be on terms with his party in Congress, than that the public should be entertained with proclamations concerning his plans of reform.—

lr. Nasby Assists in the Ohio Election—How He Got Into the Labor Movement, and What the Result Wo-CONFEDRIT X ROADS.

WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Oct. 15, 1877. Oct. 15, 1877.

At the rekest uv the gilelis Richard Bishop, wich peeple supposed didn't know how to run a campane, I come to Toledo, Ohio, to assist in gittin together the Dimecratic strenth, and asshoorin the triumf uv that Dimecrisy uv wich, so fur, I hev been a ardent supporter. And I may say, in parenthsis, that Dimecrisy hez uo advantage over me in that respeck, fur ef I hev bin a support to Dimocrisy, Dimocrisy hez bin a support to me.

support to me.

The eleckshun day passed off, and evry man done his dooty. The result will gladden the bart uv the Corners. We hev elected our Guyerner, and we hev sekoored a majority uv the Legislacher, wich gives us another Senator.

But the result uv the eleckshun in the County But the result uv the eleckshan in the County was a astonisher wich I hevn't bin able to account fur yit. The workin men uv the County hed organized for the purpus uv betterin their condishn. Sum uv em, wich reely do work, hev hed ruther a close time, and hev bin groanin over ther trubbles; but, ther are sum thousands wich then't power work at all, and a lat av lawyers. don't never work at all, and a lot uv lawyers and docters, and sich like labrin men, wich alluz do the most helthy groanin on sich okkashens. In the intrest uv the Dimecratic candidates, I arreed the labrin men along all I word for arged the labrin men along all I cood, for nine-tenths uv them wich duz work, and wich, ex we figgered it, wood be troo to the movement, bloogs to the Radikels, naterally, and we ex-pectal to bring the Dimecratik lams wich hed

strayed into these pasters back into the fold on the mornin uv the eleckshen. the mornin uv the eleckshen.

The day passed, and everything looked luvly.
The labrin men wuz out in their strenth, and
we wuz sertin thet we hed drawed enuff votes
from the Radikels to inshoor the success uv our
tikkit. And that evenin I sot down with the
candidates, and many wuz the beekers we quafted in inbilatin over the redemshen uv a Republican stronghold.

ed in intonation over the real paper of the lican stronghold.

I retired that nite ez happy ez a lord, and ez comfortable ez a man cood be wich hed acheeved a vietry. I slept the sleep uv the man wich hez discharged his dooty, and is tollable sertin uv The mornin son waz streemin throo the win-In mornin son waz streemin throo the win-der uv my room, that blessid Wensday mornin. I sent down for a paper, and while I wuz pullin on the boots the Dimekratic Sentrel Commity hed give me, I glanced at it. I wuz ankshus to

feest my eyes on the triumf I hed acheeved by doopin the stoopid workin-men into runnin a tikkit uv ther own, and throwin away ther Horrer! Horrer?
The labrin men hed swep the County by a majority uv neerly two thousand?
I am a man uv prompt ackshen in all matters uv prinsiple. I may be slack in matters pertainin to myself. I am criminelly slow in all things wich consern meerly myself. I hev loitered when invitashens to drink hev bin extendid to others and bey santered were factorial. id to others, and hev sauntered, very frekently, so slowly ex not to git in before the change way made; but in public matters, wher ther is a prinsiple involved, no man kin be more prompt

and well it wuz that I wuz ez prompt ez I wuz. For within a minit ther cum to that offis a thou-sand Republikins and Dimecrats, wich claimed

labrin men.

They cum from every direcshun.

Ther wuz in that throng every man wich hed bin bustid for a nominashun in ether the Republikin or Dimekratic party, for ten yeers, and the most promisin assortment nv heretofore un-known offis seekers wich I ever seed. And every blessid man uv em, without excepshou, all com-menst a speech, to wnnst, and in korus, on the rites uv the down-troddin labrin man, and all uv em howled the same speech.

I seed these same men yisterday, workin zelus-

I seed these same men yisterday, workin zelusily for the Dimecratic or Republikin tikkits, and
afore the elecshun, they hed bin most industriaily a standin on the corners uv the street, smokin very cheap segars when they hed to buy em
therselves, and very expensive ones when they
wuz bot by other peeple.

"Are yoo goin to take these peeple in!" I shreeked in agony. "Can't yoo see that ther aint offisis
enuff to go around!"

"Sir!" exclamed they all, feercely, "in this
holy croosade agin cappytle, and for the bornyhanded toilers, we assert ther is offisse snuff.
Ther wuz about four thousand votes, and we,
who from circumstances didn't git in soon enoff
to vote, will swell the number to five thousand.
Very good. Let the Sheriff elect immejitly appint two thousand five hundred deppyties, and
the Treshrer elect stand up for the rites uv the
labrin man, by appintin two thousand five hunthe freshrer elect stand up for the rices uv the labriu man, by appintin two thousand five hun-dred clerks, and then keep out uv the organiza-shen the bloated bankers, merchants, and them ez own shops and sich, so that we kin tax them, to pay our salaries. We shel keep out couff cappytyle to tax to support us. Cappytle hez hed its sway, so fur—now laber cums in. An they votid to keep the books open till nine

An they votid to keep the books open till nine that day, and then close em. Ther didn't any more come, thank Hevin! The party is strong enrift to hold the city, but merciful hevins! onless the sejection I hev quotid is actid onto, wat are they all agoin to do! They kin elect a Council next Spring, and that Council kin vote to pay the labrers \$2.50 a day, but they wont take that. Ez they all expect offis, wat good will it be to offer em work at any price!

I simpathize with the labrin man, jist afore every eleckslum, but I think I shel git out uv the organizashen, and go back to Kentneky. the organizashen, but I think I shel git out uver the organizashen, and go back to Kentucky, where there aim tany laber dun that hurts. There is too eager a appreshiashen uver office to make it comfortable for a man like me, and the ranks uver the labrin men are likely to be swelled too fast for my purpus. Wat chance is there for one man among five thousand, and all uver ez keen ez I am?

The terror

The temprense movement is hevin a run up ther, but I indignantly refrosoid to jine it. I wuz askt to deliver a temprense lecter, but I de-"I'm not a reformed drunkerd," sed I. "That's easily fixed," remarkt the rekester. "All yoo hev to do is to quit."

I heerd one man make a speech on the street I heerd one man make a speech on the street corner.

"Rum, like the grasshopper," sed he, "is a burden. I went home last nite, and went to the pantry for suthin to eat, and it was bare. I lookt at my wife and children, and ther they sot, cold and hungry. Ther was no food, no fooel, in the house—wat shood hev pervided for em hed gone for rum. Ex I lookt into ther pale, pinched faces, and ther emashated forms, awakened conshence strove with me, and I, then and ther, took a solem oath never to drink agin—onless I was askt to."

The cleekshuu in Ohio is a triumf, bet it don't

The eleckshou in Ohio is a triumf, but it don't

do me any good. Ther ain't no way uv reechin my post-offis for three yeers, and I can't wait. I shell be in the silent tomb before that, and the

worms will be at me. Still, I did my d
PETROLEUM V. N AN OLIVE BRANCH .- "I love even my enemie AN OLIVE BRANCH.—"I love even my enemies, my son," said Mr. Hayes, in one of his Sabhathevening talks with Webb. "You don't love Mr. Conkling, do you, pa!" "Yes, Wobb; Mr. Conkling may be right; he stands nobly by his convictions; you know I respect all men who fight in support of their convictions. If a vacancy were to occur in my Cabinet to-morrow, I should tender the portfolio, like an olive branch, to dear Mr. Conkling."—Richmond Enquirer.

THERE is a cheerful idiot living in Newton County, Ga. During the warhs mades yow never to cut his hair or shaye until the Southern Con-federacy was established. He is waiting to meet the man who hopes to see Harry Clay President.